

not what friends usually do by Mouthbreather (scalding_coolness)

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Summary:

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not what friends usually do

Author's Note:

I'm nervous to see you guys' response to this. I'm having second thoughts even now about posting this because.. well I think you can figure out why. **blush**
I wrote this because I'm so done with reading Chemistry and Physics all day.

Anyhow, I hope you do not find this a complete literary disaster! Let me know your thoughts!

She gave her surroundings one last careful glance before jumping over Hopper's precautionary tripwire and walking over to the shack's door.

With mannerisms that felt like muscle memory she didn't know when she had harboured, she effortlessly rapped the secret knock on the door before stepping back and waiting, bathed in the stillness of the forest. Soon enough she heard the familiar sound of locks being turned in their places before the door opened and Hopper's worn-out face greeted her.

She wondered why Jane hadn't come to the door like the brunette usually did ever other week before shrugging the thought off and greeting the burly man standing before her.

He murmured something incoherent in return as he rubbed a hand over his eyes, making her snicker quietly.

It was obvious how he wasn't fond of mornings at all.

She drawled past him, throwing him a polite smile as he shut the door before walking towards Jane's room.

The door was closed which sparked instant curiosity in her as she wondered whether she could quietly slide into the brunette's room without disturbing her because Jane never kept her door closed unless she was on one of her 'void walks'.

However, as she did just that and slipped into the room, she saw the

TV on, with some commercial running and Jane's familiar black blindfold discarded to the side while the girl herself was in bed with her eyes closed.

Almost immediately worry started to brim in her with the thought that maybe Jane had come down with something when she noticed the brunette's hand moving under the covers near her nether regions.

"Oh my god!" She let out, followed by an intangible yelp as she cupped a hand over her eyes and turned her back to the unaware brunette, trying to rid the image from her head, even though Jane was the last person she had expected to run in on in *that* situation.

"Max?" The girl must have noticed her presence as she called her name out with confusion dripping from her voice.

"Sorry, I should've knocked, but I-I thought you were just exploring.. dimensions." She felt blood rush to her face again as she shuffled before removing her hand from her eyes, but not turning to face the brunette.

It occurred to her that Jane had been, in fact, *exploring*, just not the kind she had expected.

A whole *different* kind of exploring.

The sound of Jane's bed creaking pulled her out of her musings as she shifted her weight."Are you uh- d-decent?"

"Decent?" Jane's question was almost instantaneous. "I'm wearing clothes, Max.."

It shouldn't have been possible for her face to burn hotter and yet, that was exactly what happened. "No, I mean, are you still- C-can I uh turn around?"

"Yes." Jane's voice continued to sound thick with innocent confusion, despite what she had just walked in on the brunette doing.

"Okay, I'm going to turn around, all right?" She paused for a second, hoping the brunette would understand why before turning to the girl.

Everything was the same except Jane was now sat cross legged with

fumbling hands and a heavy frown etched to her forehead, eyes lacking their usually lightness.

"Hi." She muttered uselessly, hoping they could both skip past over what had been transpiring only a few moments ago.

Jane, however, had different ideas as she glanced at her with the familiar frown still etched to her face. "I feel.. weird."

She almost groaned, cursing out her luck as she bit her lip, contemplating whether Jane meant the kind of weird she thought the brunette meant, whether Jane meant that she was *horny*.

Something told her if she probed further, she would be signing up for another extremely uncomfortable situation and yet, she didn't have the heart to not help her best friend out when the girl clearly needed it.

In the midst of those thoughts, she didn't notice when Jane stood up from her bed and walked towards the washroom, proceeding to leave the door open as she washed her hands.

"Weird as in?" She knew as soon as the words had left her mouth that their already awkward situation would only get worse, but Jane had that confused forlorn look on her face that she hated seeing as the brunette closed the bathroom door and turned to her with furrowed brows.

"I was changing the channels to find static when I s-saw something *weird* and it felt wrong and I t-thought Hopper would get.. mad if I told him."

She felt her eyes widen further as she comprehended each word that tumbled past the brunette's mouth before she turned and hastily locked the room's door with a thousand thoughts running through her head.

Goodness gracious.

"You watched *porn*!?" Her voice gave off the incredulity she was feeling and she could only watch as Jane visibly flinched.

"Don't get mad." It was a quiet plea that had her heart breaking as

Jane's eyes started to water.

"No! I'm not mad. Hey, no." She trudged forward with urgency, bringing her arms around Jane as soon as she reached the girl. "Please don't cry."

Jane tucked her head into her neck, wrapping her mildly wet hands around her neck before nodding with a quiet sniffle that made Max want to slap herself.

"What is.. *porn*?"

And that was how the flush she had rid herself off of moments ago, came back on full force. She pulled away from the brunette, giving her watery eyes a quick wipe over before turning to the television and raising the volume, just for the sake of some privacy.

Letting a random commercial air on, a sigh escaped past her lips as she pondered over what she was exactly going to do to help Jane before she flopped down onto the brunette's bed, patting the space beside her as she tried to muster a way to define said word. "They're stimulus movies that um- people see to – I think- arouse themselves with..?"

In the midst of her sentence, she chanced a glance at Jane as the brunette settled beside her with the same confused, oddly familiar frown on her a forehead.

It was as though her words had fallen on deaf ears.

With a knowing shake of head, she raised her hand and smoothened those wrinkles of confusion as Jane continued to look at her blankly. "Never mind that, where's your dictionary again?"

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That was how a guesstimated half hour later, she found herself sitting beside Jane with the brunette leaning on her shoulder, eyes glued to the dictionary.

It was their normaldom.

She often found herself explaining words to Jane in that same fashion, the instances becoming far and few as more time passed

because Jane was a quite good learner and had it been anyone else, she knew she wouldn't have harboured the same amount of patience that she did, but Jane was different.

The only oddity in their normality as of then, was her explaining Jane words she didn't think she would have ever even said in front of the brunette.

"Is it wrong?"

She couldn't help, but think how odd it was for her to know that Jane was done contemplating the words as the brunette voiced the question.

She closed the thick book, lifting it out of her lap with a heavy sigh before turning to paler girl and shaking her head. "No, just.. something that you do in *private*– when there is no one around."

"Do you do it?" Jane's questions were harmless, as they always tended to be, but that did not mean they weren't embarrassing.

She felt as though she had a fever because of how warm her face felt as she muttered a quick, quiet, "Sometimes."

"Can I do it around you?"

She barely kept in her sputter and the instantaneous NO that almost slipped past her mouth had Jane not sounded so unsure with soft eyes that had only curiosity shining in them. "L-like I said, it's something you do in *private* when you are alone."

"I don't like being alone, will mas-master–"

"Masturbation." She intervened with a small smile.

Jane bit her lip as she nodded with downcast eyes before murmuring. "I don't like being alone, will *masturbation* make that go away?"

Her lips lifted upward once more when Jane's voice lowered as she said the word, like every other time, when the girl was still not used to moving her mouth around an unfamiliar word. It was just one of the brunette's quirks that she found unnecessarily cute.

"I meant physically alone, not lonely.. and you know I'm always here if you ever feel lonely. Just a few *electromagnetic waves* away." Her nose scrunched up as she said it, cursing Dustin out mentally for his nerdy nonsense.

Jane nodded in answer, a smile slipping past her lips before pursing her lips.

Silence enveloped the two of them then, as she turned her gaze down, fiddling with the zipper of her hoodie until Jane threw her off with another immensely awkward question.

"How do I do it?"

She wondered, if she were to burst into tears the next moment, whether it would be weird or understandable.

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Author's Note:

still blushingOh, you're done reading!? I know it's very short! I'm sorry I might/might not do a second part, it honestly depends on whether someone will even want to read more of this crap.

Happy readings! I would love your feedback!!